April 22, 1944

- CASEY- PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER -

written by:

Alonzo Deen Cole

Supervisor:

Robert J.Landry

producer:

John Dietz

Script No.41..."Strange Invitation."

CAST:

CASEY.....

ANN.....

LOGAN.....

ETHELBERT.....

ED TORRANCE..... "Cy" Phillips

DIANE JELLICOE (MRS.MARSHALL).... Katherine Mitchell

LOUISE (MRS.TORRANCE)..... Marion

FINCHLEY MARSHALL..... Eustace Bramwell

MARTHA ELLIS..... Esther Purvis

Strange Invitation

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Script No.41

CBS: COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
(..... 30 seconds .....)

CASEY: (COLD) Face the camera, please...hold it!

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Thanks. (FADING) You'll see it in the Morning Express.

ANNC'R: The Adventures of CASEY— PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER!

MUSIC: UP...THEN UNDER & BACK

ANNC'R: Columbia brings you another adventure of CASEY, PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER. Tonight, and every Saturday at this time, Columbia invites you to follow Casey on his exciting assignments and to meet the strangely assorted people who pass in swift moving parade before the shutters of his camera. Tonight— (ORGAN EFFECT) —"Strange Invitation."

MUSIC: OVERTURE TO DRAMA...UNDER FOR:

ANNC'R: Press Photographers, on call for duty at all hours and in all sorts of weather, can rarely be cited as examples of "the well dressed man"...and Casey, in his customary working clothes, is not one of the rare exceptions. His hats are usually stained and battered, his suits look as though they are frequently slept in (which they are!) and his overcoats are shiney at the sides from constant rubbing of a heavy plate case. But this evening, as he strides down the familiar street that leads to the Blue Note Café, we scarcely recognize him...he looks— mmm — elegant. (CHUCKLES) Also, self conscious and— uncomfortable. Beside him is a resplendent Ann Williams (FADING) and as they near the doors of the—

CASEY: (UNHAPPILY) Ann,let's not go to the Blue Note...when Ethelbert sees me in this monkey-suit,he'll razz the pants off me.

ANN: (IRRITABLY) Casey— will you stop acting as though you'd never had on dinner clothes before??

CASEY: I never put em on unless you con me into em...and then I dont go near guys who know me.

ANN: It'll be a good thing if your friends see you looking like a gentleman,for a change.

CASEY: Humph.

ANN: Besides,you said you wanted a drink before we go to the theatre and the Blue Note is about the only place in town that still has the special kind of rye you like. Also,I want Ethelbert to see my new dress.

CASEY: (HOPELESSLY) Okay.

SOUND: CAFE DOOR OPENED...BRING IN BAR-ROOM EFFECTS,WITH THE INEVITABLE PIANO IN BACK

CASEY: Here we are...and here's where I get it.

ETH: (OFF...FADING TO HALF OFF) No,I wouldn't say that,Grace. (PAUSE) Well,maybe you're right,Grace. (PAUSE) But on the other hand and to the contrary way,Grace— (PAUSE) Oh,now you're puttin' a different complexion onta the face of the matter,Grace—

ANN: (DRYLY) Grace is here again.

CASEY: When isn't she? (SLIGHT PROJECTION) Hey,Ethelbert—!

ETH: Justa second,Mister— (RECOGNITION) Oh,it's YOU,Casey!!— for a second I didn't know ya—!

CASEY: (MUTTERS) Now it comes.

ETH: (FADING TO MIKE) Hello,Miss Williams.

ANN: Hello,Ethelbert.

CASEY: (BELLIGERANTLY) Give it to me and get it over with!

ETH: (INNOCENTLY) Sure,Casey...here's your usual rye.

CASEY: Hmm.

ETH: Gee, you're lookin' swell, Miss Williams...that outfit you got on is just beeootiful.

ANN: Thanks, Ethelbert. I'll have a glass of sherry.

ETH: (SLIGHT FADE) I'll give you the BEST— to go with that classy dress and cloak.

CASEY: (A MUTTER) Maybe he hasn't noticed my waiter get-up yet.

ANN: (LOW, IMPATIENT) Apparently, you're afraid he won't!— you're like a small boy in his first pair of long pants...you hope everyone will see em and that no one will mention em.

CASEY: Yeah??

ANN: Yeah.

ETH: (FADING ON) Here y'are, Miss Williams...some of the real old imported. Guess you're goin' some place purt swell— all dolled-up like you are, Miss Williams?

ANN: Casey and I are going to the opening of Finchley Marshall's new play.

ETH: (GREAT SURPRISE) Casey's goin' with ya??

CASEY: What's surprising about that?

ETH: (QUICKLY, INNOCENTLY) Nothin'— nothin', Casey! Only— I thought maybe Miss Williams was goin' somewheres by herself tonight...or maybe with somebody else.

CASEY: Why?

ETH: By the way she's dressed-up, acourse.

CASEY: Oh.

ETH: Say— how did you ever wangle seats to a Finchley Marshall opening? They're always sell-outs...and at premium prices.

ANN: (SMUGLY) Casey has eighth row center seats, on the aisle...and they didn't cost anything.

ETH: You must know where an important body is buried!

CASEY: No,but I know Ed Torrance— Marshall's manager and producer... I got him some extra publicity pictures on a flop show,not written by Marshall,that he produced last year and Torrance is the kind of guy who pays off.

ETH: I always set Torrance down as a regular fella— he drops in here occasionally. He's a kind of a sure-thing gambler,though.

CASEY: "Sure-thing gambler?" If he was that,he wouldn't have sunk heavy dough in that flop I just mentioned!— not when he has first call on the hits that Marshall always turns out.

ETH: I dont know much about his producin',Casey...but I've seen him pitch pennies at a crack in here— and throw darts at that target we ust a have stuck up behind the bar. And at them pursuits the guy is a expert.who cant be beat.

CASEY: Yeah?

ETH: Uh huh. (HASTILY) I aint sayin' he tries to rook anyone, Casey!— I've only seen him pull his stuff for the drinks... amongst friends. I guess he just likes to show off how good he is.

CASEY: With a brother-in-law like Finchley Marshall,you cant blame him for that.

ETH: Marshall's his brother-in-law?

CASEY: Yeah...and from everything I've heard of him,he's ~~a first-class heel~~ the big I-AM kind of guy who doesn't give any credit to anyone for the things they do to help him-- even to Torrance, who does plenty in making the Marshall shows pay-off. (SLIGHT PAUSE) It's getting close to curtain time,Ann...we'd better be on our way.

ANN: Yes.

CASEY: Here's for the drinks,Ethelbert.

ETH: Thanks,Casey. (ADMIRINGLY) Gee,you look beeootiful,Miss

(CONT'D)

ETH: (cont'd) Williams...I'll bet there wont be any dame at that million-dollar openin' who can hold a candle to you.

ANN: You're sweet,Ethelbert.

CASEY: Uh— Ethelbert———

ETH: Yeah?

CASEY: For your information— uh -Miss Williams insisted that I get into this outfit.

ETH: What outfit,Casey? Oh!!— you're wearin' a bow tie for a change! (GREAT ADMIRATION) It's very becomin'.

CASEY: Hmm. (SLIGHT PAUSE) See you later,Ethelbert.

ETH: So long,Casey. Oh— wait a minute!

CASEY: Yeah?

ETH: (QUIET,CONFIDENTIAL) Casey,after my uncle Roderick died they put him in a coffin wearin' a sad-sack-waiter-suit like you got on...he made a beeootiful corpse.

CASEY: Nuts to you. (FADING)

ETH: (CHUCKLES)

WOMAN: (OFF) Hey,Ethelbert—!!

ETH: Are YOU still here,Grace?? (SLOW FADE) Well,as I was sayin'— I dont agree with the fundamentals of your argument although the essentials of your premises is indubitably correct———

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: GREAT APPLAUSE & CRIES OF "AUTHOR! AUTHOR!!"...HOLD UNTIL *

ANN: (HAPPILY) Oh!— I'm sorry the last curtain's down,Casey... that it's all over.

CASEY: It was certainly a swell show,Ann. But these saps are wasting their breath yelling for the author...Marshall's one of those "different" playwrights who never attends his own openings.

ANN: Shh—! Someone's coming before the curtains—

CASEY: It's Ed Torrance...he'll make the usual announcement. (*)

ED: (A GENIAL, LIKABLE, CULTURED MAN OF 50. IN THE FOLLOWING SPEECH, HE IS QUIETLY REVERENT...OFF:)

Ladies and gentlemen: the author, Mr. Fincheley Marshall, is not here to receive your applause and heart-warming acceptance of his latest work. As many of you know from personal acquaintance, Mr. Marshall's great modesty, his unwarranted fear of adverse public reception, his— I think I may call it with your approval: his underestimation of his own genius —prevent his presence at the theatre when a play of his undergoes its first performance.

CASEY: (GRUNTS) Baloney.

ED: He is at his home, fearfully awaiting your verdict of life or death for the brain-child of his conception. It shall now be my privelege to convey to him your verdict of— success. Thank you.

SOUND: APPLAUSE...FADING INTO CHATTER OF DEPARTING AUDIENCE

CASEY: (DRYLY) That's that. Let's go, Ann.

ANN: Casey, shouldn't we go back stage for a second and thank Mr. Torrance for the tickets and the swell evening he's given us?

CASEY: There'll be a couple hundred people back there passing out congratulations...big shots— this audience is full of em. He wont want to be bothered with us. I'll give his secretary a ring tomorrow.

ANN: I- I guess you're right.

USHER: (OFF...FADING ON, INQUIRINGLY) Mr. Casey? Mr. Casey?

CASEY: Huh?

USHER: Mr. Casey?

ANN: That usher's paging you.

USHER: Mr. Cas—?

CASEY: Here, Fella.

USHER: (AT MIKE) A note from Mr. Torrance, sir.

CASEY: Yeah? Much obliged. Here's for you.

USHER: Thank you, sir.

CASEY: (TEARS ENVELOPE...SLIGHT PAUSE) Well, what d'y' know—! Pretty swell guy, Ed Torrance.

ANN: What is it?

CASEY: Look at this, Ann...he invites us to come back stage and—

ANN: It says: "—have small party arranged." That IS nice.

CASEY: Yeah. Want to go?

ANN: I'll say I do!

CASEY: There's a door back of that box that leads to the stage...come on.

SOUND: FADE OFF AUDIENCE CHATTER

ANN: Maybe he'll introduce us to the leading lady—

CASEY: Diane Jellicoe gave a swell performance, didn't she?

ANN: Beautiful! I'd love to meet her.

CASEY: She should be starred in this show instead of just featured.

ANN: You'd think Marshall <u>would</u> star her...she's his wife.

CASEY: He never stars anyone— afraid it might lessen his personal importance. Here we are.

SOUND: DOOR OPENED & CLOSED...BRING IN LIGHT BUZZ OF EXCITED, CONGRATULATORY CHATTER & HOLD UNDER—<u>OFF</u>

ANN: There <u>are</u> a lot of people back here.

CASEY: And look <u>who</u> they are. There's the Mayor over there...and Senator Joe—

ANN: Casey, there's Diane Jellicoe! She's even better looking close-to than she was from ~~in~~ out front.

CASEY: Yeah...I'll have to take some pictures of her some day. (SLIGHT PAUSE) She's got a hard pair of eyes, though.

ED: (OFF, FADING ON IN CORDIAL WELCOME) Casey...Miss Williams—!

ANN: Here comes—!

CASEY: Hello, Ed.

ANN: The play was simply grand, Mr. Torrance!..and thanks—

ED: Finchley's done it again, hasn't he?— he's the wonder-boy who never fails!

CASEY: Your production helped a lot, Ed.

ED: There couldn't have been any production if there hadn't been a play, Casey...that must always come first. I'm awfully glad you people got my note and came back...you're free to join us, I hope?— there'll only be Mrs. Torrance, Diane, myself and— Finchley.

ANN: Mr. Marshall??

ED: Yes...the five of us are going up to his pent-house.

ANN: I'd love to meet him and Miss Jellicoe!!— I mean Mrs. Marshall.

ED: Then it's all set! And you'll meet Miss Jellicoe right now. (SLIGHT PROJECTION) Diane—!

DIANE: (ABOUT 30; SHE HAS POISE, A LOVELY VOICE & A FRIGID NATURE... (HALF OFF) Yes, Edward?

ED: If your friends will excuse you a moment— I'd like to present Miss Williams and Mr. Casey.

DIANE: (FADING ON) How do you do.

ANN: I thought you were simply wonderful tonight, Miss Jellicoe!

CASEY: That goes for me, too.

DIANE: Thanks to both of you. But my husband wrote a great part for me...all the credit rightfully belongs to him.

CASEY: (DRYLY) If there'd been a bad actress in your place, he wouldn't have had much credit coming.

DIANE: (PAUSE...WARMING A TRIFLE) Mr. Marshall would not have permitted a "bad actress" to appear in his play, Mr. Casey.

ED: Miss Williams and Mr. Casey have promised to join us tonight, Diane.

DIANE: You didn't tell me— (FRIGIDLY CORRECT) That will be very nice, I'm sure. If you'll excuse me now, I'll go to my dressing room and— (FADING) —get ready to go home.

ANN: Surely.

ED: (QUICKLY TO HIDE HIS EMBARRASSMENT) Fine woman, Diane... fine woman!— you two are going to like her immensely. Now I want you to meet my wife— Where did I leave her? (LAUGHS) I'm always misplacing Mrs.Torrance—

LOUISE: (A RATHER JOLLY WOMAN OF 35; UNDERNEATH, SHE IS SHARP & CLEVER... (OFF...FADING ON) Are you looking for me, Ed?

ED: Oh— there you are, Louise!

LOUISE: (LAUGHING) When I see that bewildered look on your face, I always know I'm needed.

ED: (LAUGHS) I'm always in need of you, my dear. Louise— this is Miss Williams and Mr.Casey.

LOUISE: (SHE OBVIOUSLY MEANS IT:) It's awfully nice to know you.

ANN: Thank you, Mrs.Torrance.

CASEY: How do you do, Mrs.Torrance.

ED: They're going to the pent-house with us, Louise.

LOUISE: That'll be lovely. We never do anything exciting there on opening nights— Mr.Marshall doesn't like excitement...I hope you wont be bored.

ANN: That would be impossible, Mrs.Torrance...with such clever people as Mr.Marshall and your sister and your husband and— (QUICKLY) —and yourself, of course.

LOUISE: (CHUCKLES) Dont im bother to include me in this group of geniuses, Miss Williams...I'm just an ordinary housekeeper.

ED: There's nothing ordinary about you, my dear! My wife has a better brain than any of us, Casey— (HASTILY) —excepting Finchley, of course!

LOUISE: (DRYLY) Mr.Marshall is always the exception.

ED: (ILL AT EASE) Uh— yes. (SLIGHT PAUSE) If you'll excuse me, there are a few people I must talk to while Diane is dressing— you wont mind?

CASEY: Of course not.

LOUISE: Dont bother with us,Ed.

ED: Thank you. (FADING) General Herkimer...it's good to see you here—

LOUISE: Did you enjoy the play,Miss Williams?

ANN: Oh yes,Mrs.Torrance!

CASEY: It's a solid smash.

LOUISE: (SLIGHT PAUSE...SOFTLY) I think my husband's production was rather good.

CASEY: Tops,for my money.

LOUISE: And my sister,Diane,was— she's a fine actress.

CASEY: I dont know of a better one.

ANN: Nor I.

LOUISE: I'm glad you think so. (PAUSE) The play must come first,of course...but it isn't quite everything,is it?

CASEY: I've seen Shakespeare's stuff put on with a ham cast and production,Mrs.Torrance,and it came out pretty lous— uh —not so hot.

LOUISE: (HALF TO HERSELF) A play is a combination of things— and of people,Mr.Casey...credit should be given to all.

CASEY: That's my idea.

2nd WOMAN: (AN IMPERIOUS DOWAGER...OFF) Oh,there you are,Mrs.Torrance!

LOUISE: Eh? Oh— good evening,Mrs.Forrester—

2nd WOMAN: (FADING ON) I must take you away for a minute,if your friends wont mind—

LOUISE: Will you excuse me?

CASEY: Sure.
ANN: Of course.

2nd WOMAN: (FADING OFF) I want you to meet Sir Everett Clifton...he's over here on an important war mission and—

ANN: That's THE Mrs.Forrester,Casey.

CASEY: Yeah...worth fifty million on the hoof.

ANN: I've never seen so many rich and important people in one place.

CASEY: It's a "Who's Who" crowd alright. (PAUSE) Wonder why Ed invited nobodies like us to his family party tonight when he could have any of these big shots— just for the asking.

ANN: Because he wanted us!— or, rather, YOU instead of anyone else. Mr. Torrance likes you, Casey, and you've done favors for him... he's showing his appreciation.

CASEY: (THOUGHTFULLY) Maybe that's it...I dont know him really well. (PAUSE) But it still seems a little bit funny.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOOR OPENED...CLOSED AT *

MAN: (COLORED) Top floor, Mrs. Marshall.

DIANE: Thank you, John.

ED: Now there's a little walking to do before we reach the penthouse, Miss Williams— down this long hall and up a flight of stairs. (CHUCKLING) Then, Casey, we get a drink...if you can stand one.

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) I never learned to say "no", Ed. (*)

LOUISE: (A TRACE OF ACID) I dnt suppose Finchley let you keep any of the servants on duty tonight, Mrs Diane.

DIANE: (SHE IS VERY WEARY NOW) You know they always go home after dinner, Louise.

ED: (IN THIS SCENE HE IS STRAINING TO AVERT POSSIBLE TROUBLE... QUICKLY EXPLANATORY:) Mr. Marshall does all of his writing at night, Casey, so he wants no one about the place but his secretary...and Mrs. Marshall, of course, when she isn't playing.

ANN: He isn't writing tonight, is he??— right after his play has opened!

DIANE: He's already working on his next play, Miss Williams. The stairs are behind this door.

ED: Let me have your keys,Diane...I'll unlock it.

DIANE: Thanks.

SOUND: DOOR QUICKLY UNLOCKED & OPENED...IT CLOSES ON A SPRING LOCK AT *.& THE GROUP SLOWLY CLIMBS STAIRS NEXXT...CUT AT **

ED: Now you can start climbing. (*) Finchley's next play is to deal with murder,Casey...you've done so much work with the police,you may give him a few pointers.

DIANE: (SLIGHT PAUSE) Mr.Casey works with the police?

LOUISE: (RATHER SHARPLY) You didn't mention that before,Ed.

ED: (INNOCENTLY) Didn't I,Louise? (CHUCKLES) I guess I took it foregranted that you and Diane knew it...he's quite famous around town for his detective ability.

DIANE: (COLDLY) Really?

CASEY: Dont let Ed kid you,Mrs.Marshall...I'm a press photographer and nothing else. (**)

ED: You're far too modest,Casey.

SOUND: DOOR QUICKLY UNLOCKED & OPENED...CLOSED AT **

ED: Well— there we are,at last!

DIANE: Will you take Miss Williams'cloak,Ed...and Mr.Casey's things?

ED: Of course,Diane.

ANN: What a lovely room,Mrs.Marshall.

DIANE: (SHORTLY) My husband supervised its decoration...the credit belongs to him.

LOUISE: He's back there in his study,I suppose.

DIANE: Naturally,Louise.

LOUISE: (QUIETLY ANGRY) A bell rings when that door downstairs is opened— why isn't he out here to meet us?

DIANE: (BITTERLY) Could you expect him to be?

LOUISE: Tonight,yes!

ED: (QUICKLY) Now,now— you know that Finch never hears that bell! He's rather deaf,Casey...though he never admits it.

DIANE: Miss Ellis is with him...there's nothing the matter with her hearing and she'd tell him—!

ED: You're very tired, Diane...very nervous—!

DIANE: (A TRACE OF HYSTERIA) Why shouldn't I be tired and nervous??— I've just been through the strain of an opening night!!

LOUISE: (FURIOUS) And after she and you have slaved to make his play the success it is, Ed, that selfish animal hasn't even the decency to appear and thank you!!

ED: (TOPPING) Louise!!!

LOUISE: (PAUSE...QUIETLY) Miss Williams, Mr. Casey— please ignore what Diane and I have just said...I'm afraid we're inclined to temperamental outbursts that— we dont mean.

ED: These two girls are always nervous wrecks after an opening... Mrs. Torrance suffers from the ordeal almost as much as her sister.

ANN: (UNCOMFORTABLY) Casey and I understand.

CASEY: Yeah, sure.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF

MARSHALL: (HE IS 40; COLD, BLOODLESS, SUPERCILIOUS...OFF) Hello, everybody.

ED: Hello, Finch!— we just got in.

MARSHALL: (FADING ON) Everything went off well at the theatre, eh.

ED: I phoned you that you had another hit.

MARSHALL: I expected that, of course.

LOUISE: Diane was wonderful.

MARSHALL: She's always wonderful to you, Louise. Did you play that third act scene the way I told you to, Diane?

DIANE: I tried to.

ED: (QUICKLY) Excuse me—! Miss Williams, let me present Mr. Marshall...Mr. Marshall, Mr. Casey.

MARSHALL: (CARELESSLY) How do you do.

ANN: (MURMURS) Mr. Marshall.

CASEY: (GRUNTS) How are y'.

MARSHALL: I suppose a drink is in order. I'm terribly busy, but— come back to the study... I'll take time out for one.

DIANE: Cant you sit down here for a few minutes and—?

MARSHALL: I prefer the study... the windows have been closed in here— it's stuffy. (FADING) Come along.

DIANE: (A SIGH OF DEFEAT) Alright.

ED: (A FORCED LAUGH) My brother-in-law is a fresh air fiend, Miss Williams.

LOUISE: (DRY, BITTER) One of the many idiocyncrasies of— his genius.

MARSHALL: (FADING ON) Sit down... make yourselves comfortable. Oh— this is my secretary, Miss Ellis... I didn't catch your names—

ED: Miss Williams and Mr. Casey, Martha.

MARTHA: (FORTYISH, PRIM, THE SCHOOL MISTRESS TYPE) How do you do, Miss Williams— Mr. Casey.

ANN: Miss Ellis.

CASEY: Nice to know you.

MARSHALL: I haven't much time to spare— you know where the liquor is, Ed. Willy you fetch the soda and glasses, Diane?

LOUISE: (SHARPLY) No, she went! Cant you see how tired she is??

DIANE: (QUICKLY) I'm alright, Louise!

MARTHA: (HASTILY) I'll get the things, Mrs. Rörrance!

LOUISE: Stay where you are, Martha! (FADING) I'll attend to it.

MARSHALL: (CHUCKLES) Louise seems to be in one of her mother-hen moods tonight, Ed... I trust she wont become— combative, as she did after the last opening night.

ED: (NOW HE IS SHARP) Louise happens to be rather fond of her sister, Finchley... and opening nights aren't easy for Diane!

MARSHALL: These poor actresses— reading the lines/that I slave on for on one night months to put into their mouths.

CASEY: (QUICKLY) You— uh— have a swell view from these windows, Mr.Marshall.

MARSHALL: It isn't bad,Mr.— Casey.

ANN: (ALSO ATTEMPTING TO AVERT A STORM) And you have a lovely terrace just outside.

MARSHALL: I designed it...a door leads to it from the hall outside. (COMPLAINING) For some incomprehensible reason,the previous tenant of this ~~xxxx~~ pent-house put in/~~the~~ that ornate grill-work of bars over all/~~the windows~~ these windows that overlook the terrace. Diane— I've spoken to you repeatedly about these bars— they annoy me.. When are you going to have a mason remove them?

DIANE: It's almost impossible to get workmen these days,Finchley...I've told you—

MARSHALL: Miss Ellis,will YOU see what you can do about the matter?

MARTHA: Yes,Mr.Marshall.

LOUISE: (FADING ON...STILL IN ANGRY MOOD) Here are the glasses,ice and soda.

ED: (FADING ON...WITH OVERDONE GENIALITY) And the liquor! I know you're a rye drinker,Casey. How about you,Miss Williams?

ANN: A rye highball will do for me.

ED: The rest of us prefer Scotch.

SOUND: HIGHBALLS PREPARED...SLIGHTLY OFF UNDER:

MARSHALL: Only a drop for me,Ed! When I'm working,Miss— uh—

ANN: Williams.

MARSHALL: Oh,yes. When I'm working,I make it a rule to never touch anything except water...and I drink prodigous quantities of that. (IMPORTANTLY,AS IN EVERYTHING) I empty this big ~~xxxxx~~ pitcher on my desk every night.

CASEY: (A QUICK WARNING) Dontput any soda in my rye,Ed!— I'll have some of the plain water in Mr.Marshall's picther for a chaser.

ED: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Alright, Casey. Guess we're all set now. (FADING IN & OUT— SLIGHTLY) Diane...Louise...Miss Williams.. Miss Ellis—

MARTHA: You shouldn't have made me a drink, Mr. Torrance...Mr. Marshall intends to work tonight and—

MARSHALL: (CONDESCENDINGLY) You may have one, Miss Ellis. After all, an opening night is an occasion...I gave all the servants a drink before I sent them home.

MARTHA: (MEEKLY) Thank you, Mr. Marshall.

LOUISE: (ANGRILY) You're not classing Martha Ellis as a servant, are you, Finchley??

MARTHA: Mrs. Torrance—!

LOUISE: (UNHEEDING) If you are, it's time someone reminded you that you're lucky to have someone of her background and education to put your plays in literate form!

MARSHALL: (ANGRILY) What do you mean??

LOUISE: I mean that she's the classical background for Finchely Marshall's "masterpieces"!!

ED: Louise—!

LOUISE: (WITHOUT STOPPING) She's worked for you for years— like an honest pack-horse...as my sister has, as my husband has—!!

ED: LOUISE—!!!

LOUISE: Dont try to shut me up, Ed!! Sometimes, the things you try to keep inside are too big to keep inside!! Finchley Marshall, I think you're a— a HEEL!!!

MARSHALL: (DEAD PAUSE, THEN QUIETLY) Really?

ED: Finch— Louise didn't mean—

LOUISE: (CLAM, DEADLY) I meant every word I said, Ed.

DIANE: (COLDLY) And Louise was right.

MARSHALL: Oh— You, too, Diane?

ED: (SLIGHT PAUSE...QUIETLY) And I'm finished with pretending... I fully agree with my wife and her sister.

MARSHALL: (A DRY CHUCKLE) Let's take in everyone — How about you, Miss Ellis?

MARTHA: (SLIGHT PAUSE...QUIETLY TENSE) I'm not one of your family, Mr.Marshall...I merely work for you.

MARSHALL: You DID work for for me, Miss Ellis. I'm rather a keen judge of people's ~~thought~~ mental processes...if I weren't, I wouldn't be the author of Finchley Marshall's "masterpieces", of which I have just been told you supply the "classical backrgound". I can dispense with that "background"...you needn't report for work tomorrow evening.

MARTHA: Very well, Mr.Marshall.

MARSHALL: Well— now that we've had a complete understanding, there's no sense in letting expensive liquor go to waste! (VANOMOUSLY) Here's to the assured success of the next Finchley Marshall play...WITHOUT Diane Jellicoe, WITHOUT Edward Torrance and his meddling wife, without Martha Ellis and her CLASSICAL EDUCATION! (PAUSE) You're the only one who's drinking, Mr.Caswy.

CASEY As you say, there's no sense in letting good liquor go to waste. I'll take some of that water of your's for a chaser, Mr.Marshall.

SOUND: SMALL AMOUNT OF WATER POURED FROM PITCHER

CASEY: Thanks. (SLIGHT PAUSE) But, to prevent any misunderstanding, Mr.Marshall— I think you're a heel, too.

ANN: And DEFINITELY.

MARSHALL: (FURIOUSLY) Get out of here...ALL of you!! Get Out of here!!!

LOUISE: Gladly. (
ED: ~~Ex~~ Permanently. (AS A SINGLE SPEECH
DIANE: For keeps, Finchley. (

CASEY: Yeah.

MARSHALL: (FADING) You will institute divorce proceedings, Diane...very SOON, I hope??

DIANE: Yes.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS— HALF OFF

ED: (PAUSE) I'm terribly sorry, Miss Williams...Casey—

CASEY: Forget it, Ed.

ANN: We'll be running along, Mrs. Marshall.

DIANE: Please dont! This is my house home— until I leave it I have SOME rights here! (A TRACE OF HYSTERIA) You're staying! Get us a drink, Ed...a drink that we can have as decent people should!

ED: Alright, Diane. Sit down, Miss Williams...and you, Casey— please.

CASEY: Okay, Ed.

ED: (FADING) Excuse me.

DIANE: I— I had a supper prepared...in the ice-box—

ANN: Please dont bother, Mrs. Marshall—!

DIANE: (FADING...SOBBING) I want to get it for you.

LOUISE: (PAUSE)..QUIETLY) As you've just seen, Mr. Casey— and Miss Williams...we haven't been a happy family.

ANN: All families have their troubles, Mrs. Torrance...usually, they dont mean anything—!

LOUISE: "Usually", no. (PAUSE) Diane's gone into her bedroom to have a s ery...(FADING) I'll attend to what she wanted to do— in the kitchen.

CASEY: (PAUSE) And where are you going, Miss Ellis?

MARTHA: (QUIETLY) To get my hatand coat. (SLOW, DISTINCT FADE) I've worked for that man in there for ten years...and now he tells me to get out— as though I were a stray dog that had followed him home.

CASEY: Hmm...we're having a pleasant evening, Ann.

ANN: Swell. If this is a sample of the Marshall home life, I can understand why Mr. Torrance didn't invite anyone important here tonight.

CASEY: Yeah.

ANN: Let's get out of here as soon as we decently can.

CASEY: We'll have a quick drink and then shove off.

ANN: Casey, if I had to be associated with that man we just left as these people have been, I- I think I— (GRIMLY) Well, it would be just too bad for him if there were any deadly weapons around the place.

MARSHALL: (OFF & MUFFLED:— A SHARP AGONIZED GROAN)

ANN: What was that??

CASEY: Sounded like a- a groan!

SOUND: HEAVY FALL OF BODY— OFF & MUFFLED

ANN: Something fell—!!

CASEY: Behind the door of Marshall's study!!

LOUISE: (OFF...FADING ON) Mr.Casey, did you hear—??

CASEY: Yes, Mrs.Torrance!

ED: (OFF...ADING ON) What WAS that—???

CASEY: We'd better open thatdoor, Ed—!

DIANE: (QUICK FADE ON) I heard! Get into that room, Ed—!!

ED: Yes, Diane—::

SOUND: DOOR THROWN OPEN

MARTHA: (CRIES) Mr.Marshall...on the floor—!!!

CASEY: Let me by, Miss Ellis!!!

ED: (PAUSE) Casey— he's not breathing.

DIANE: He isn't—??
LOUISE: He cant be—!
MARTHA: No—!!
(AS ONE SPEECH

CASEY: (PAUSE) He's dead. (GENERAL REACTION:— A TENSE GASP)

ED: (PAUSE) What- what killed him?

CASEY: (GRIMLY) A Police Physician will have to determine that, Ed.

DIANE: "Police"?

CASEY: Yes. All of you get out of this room...and dont touch anything as you leave it. Ann— phone Logan at Headquarters...tell him I think there's a job for his Homicide Squad up here.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES HALF OFF

CASEY: (FADING ON...BELLIGERANTLY) What as the big idea of keeping me outside with the others,Logan— while you and Doc went over things in this study?

LOGAN: (A TOUCH OF MOCKERY) I just called you in now,didn't I,Casey— BEFORE any of the others? And you dont rate any special privileges on this case— you're a material witness,fella...you may even be a suspect before I'm through.

CASEY: (IMPATIENTLY) Quit the clowning. What killed Marshall,Doc?

DOCTOR: He was poisoned,Casey.

CASEY: Poison,huh?

DOCTOR: I'm not sure what the stuff was yet— it has to go to the lab... but it was so powerful,in diluted form,that it acted almost instantaneously.

LOGAN: Someone dropped it in this water pitcher on his desk...Marshall took a drink and—

CASEY: I drank water from that pitcher just before Marshall was left alone here,Logan...it didn't hurt ME!

LOGAN: Someone slipped the knock-out in it AFTER you drank from it,Casey.

CASEY: No one could have!— I poured a drink from it just before I left the room...and I was the last to leave the room.

LOGAN: That's easy— AFTER you left—

CASEY: Marshall closed the door. I sat in a chair in the living room that faced the door...I KNOW that no one went near it until after Marshall was dead!

LOGAN: That door's the only way into this room!— a CAT might squeeze through the bars on those open windows...but nothing else larger could!

CASEY (PAUSE...PUZZLED) That's so.

LOGAN: Say— maybe this ISN'T a murder...Marshall must have committed suicide.

CASEY: Marshall?? That little heel would be the last guy in the world to bump himself off!

LOGAN: But you're giving everyone else an alibi,Casey!

CASEY: I'm not giving any alibis! Mrs.Marshall says she went to her bedroom after she left Ann and me...Mrs.Torrance says she went into the kitchen...Miss Allis claims she was in another room getting her hat and coat...and Torrance was getting liquor from a closet off the dining room,he says— I didn't see any of em and,from what they've told me while we were waiting for you to get here,none of them saw any of the others during the time that water could have been poisoned.

LOGAN: But you say none of them came near this door!

CASEY: (PAUSE...UNCOMFORTABLY) One of em must have gotten to the water pitcher another way.

LOGAN: How? If the pitcher had been closer to the windows,someone might have slipped a hand through those bars and poured the stuff in it...but the pitcher was a good twelve feet away from the nearest window.

CASEY: (PUZZLED) Yeah. (PAUSE) Doc,could that poison have been in tablet form?

DOCTOR: I cant tell you that until I analyse it,Casey...but many poisons can be put up in tablet form.

LOGAN: (LAUGHINGLY) What's FORM got to do with it??

CASEY: Plenty! If it was in a tablet— or a capsule,I think I know your murderer,Logan...and how that stuff got in the pitcher.

LOAGN: Who??

DOCTOR: How??

CASEY: Ever putch pennies,Logan?

OGAN: Pitch pen—? You dont think anyone could have stood outside those windows and putched a poison tablet through the bars into the small mouth of this pitcher???

CASEY: An expert penny-pitcher might do it.

LOGAN: Marshall would have heard the tablet strike inside the glass!— then he'd have SEEN it!

CASEY: Marshall was a little deaf.

LOGAN: (SLIGHT PAUSE) Who is your penny-pitching expert?

CASEY: (SLOWLY,UNHAPPILY) A guy I like...a guy worth a thousand heels like Marshall. But- but I was brought up wrong,Logan...I cant find my excuse for— murder.

LOGAN: (SLIGHT PAUSE) Ed Torrance is the only "guy" who was here... besides yourself.

CASEY: Yeah...it's Torrance.

SOUND: PAUSE,THEN DOOR OPENED

LOGAN: (SHARP PROJECTION) Torrance!

ED: (OFF) Yes,Lieutenant?

LOGAN: Come in here.

ED: (BEGINNING FADE ON) Certainly.

DIANE: (OFF...FADING ON) Lieutenant,will you tell me now what killed m my husband?

LOGAN: In just a few minutes,Mrs.Marshall.

LOUISE: (FADING ON...ANGRILY) Why all this mystery,Lieutenant??— my sister has a right to know what's happened here...and NOW!

LOGAN: (PAUSE) Maybe you're right,Mrs.Torrance. (SLIGHT PROJECTION) ALL of you come in here!

ANN: (FADING ON) It's about time,Lieutenenat Logan! And <u>when</u> can I have the doctor's report and phone it to the Express??

LOGAN: I'm not concerned with the Express at this moment,Miss Williams! You come in,too,Miss Ellis.

MARTHA: (HALF OFF...COMING IN) Yes,Lieutenant.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED

LOGAN: (PAUSE) Now— will you stand HERE,Mr.Torrance?

ED: (PUZZLED) Will I stand— <u>here</u>?

LOGAN: Yeah. Better move back a foot or so.

ED: (SLIGHT FADE) Why—?

LOGAN: Just move back,please.

ED: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Very well.

LOGAN: Have you a penny in your pocket...or a dime?

ED: Why— I imagine so.

LOUISE: (TENSE,FEARFUL) Lieutenant,why are you—?

LOGAN: (SHARPLY) I'm not answering any questions yet,Mrs.Torrance! (TAKING HALF FADE) Torrance,I'm putting a whiskey glass on Marshall's desk.

ED: I see—

LOGAN: Think you can pitch a penny into it?

ED: (PAUSE...QUIETLY) I might. (PAUSE...A MIRTHLESS CHUCKLE) I- I guess it's rather well known that I have a ~~kappakaiz~~ talent for— that sort of marksmanship.

LOGAN: Let's see how good you are.

DIANE: (TENSE) /Isn't this a rather strange time and place to- to indulge in games,Lieutenant?

LOGAN: This isn't merely a game,~~kkxxkxxx~~ Mrs.Marshall. Go ahead, Torrance.

LOUISE: (AN OUTBURST...FEARFULLY) Dont do it,Ed— DONT!!

LOGAN: (EASILY) Why shouldn't he,Mrs.Torrance?

LOUISE: (SUBSIDING) I- I dont know.

LOGAN: (PAUSE) I'm waiting,Tarrance.

SOUND: PAUSE...THEN CLINK OF A COIN IN A DISTANT GLASS.

ED: Is that what you wanted to see?

LOGAN: A perfect shot!— from at least fifteen feet. You win,Casey... I didn't think it was possible.

ED: Now will you tell me—?

LOGAN: (FADING ON) Yeah. Ed Torrance,I'm arresting you for the murder of Finchley Marshall.

ED: Arresting ME?? (

DIANE: Your're mad!! (AS ONE SPEECH

LOUISE: Ed wouldn't murder anyone...not even a rat like Finchley Marshall!!

LOGAN: Marshall was poisoned! The poison, in tablet form, was thrown through the bars of one of those windows into this water pitcher ...only one person in ten thousand could do the trick— and you've just proven you're that person, Torrance!!

LOUISE: That's what you think, Lieutenant!— I haven't been just a wife to Ed torrance; we've been pals...and we've play the same games. Give me a penny, Ed!

ED: (FEARFULLY) No, Louise!!!

LOUISE: You give me one, Lieutenant!

LOGAN: You mean that YOU can—??

LOUISE: I can drop a coin— or a poison tablet into that glass as accurately as Ed can!! And I hated Finchley Marshall!!— Ed never hated anyone!

ED: Louise—!!!

LOUISE: (UNHEEDING) Do you know why Ed brought you here tonight, Mr. Casey?? I'll tell you— It's because he hoped to prevent what has happened! On the last opening night of a Marshall play— after I'd seen that little swine belittle Ed, my sister and everyone else who had helped make it a success, I tried to put a knife in him—!!

ED, DIANE: LOUISE——!!!!!!

LOUISE: (UNHEEDING) You brought Mr. Casey here, Ed...you told me he worked with the police— to make me afraid...to make me watch my step...to put me on my good behavior—!!!

ED: No. NO!!— Dont believe her, Lieutenant!!!

LOGAN: YOU killed Marshall, Mrs. Torrance!

ED: She didn't!!— She's trying to protect me!!

DIANE: And ME!

LOUISE: You keep out of this, Diane!!

DIANE: NO!! (RAPIDLY) I lived with my sister and Edward before I married Finchley, Lieutenant...and I learned their games! Watch!!

SOUND: A COIN TINKLES INTO GLASS— HALF OFF

ANN: HER coin went inside the glass!

LOGAN: Casey—??

CASEY: (RUEFULLY) It looks as though I've started something I cant finish, Sgmh. Logan.

LOGAN: (ROARS) All THREE of you people are under arrest!! Now, which one of you DID kill Marshall????

DIANE: I did!

LOUISE: You're lying, Diane...I did it!!

ED: No, Louise...it was ME!!!

LOGAN: Well— isn't this just swell?

MARTHA: (PAUSE...QUIETLY) I killed Finchley Marshall.

LOGAN: Huh???

CASEY: Miss Ellis—?

ED: Martha?

LOGAN: (SARCASTICALLY) So YOU're an expert tablet-pitcher, too, Miss Ellis??

MARTHA: (WEARILY) No. There wasn't any tablet. When you have time to analyse the poison in that pitcher and in Mr. Marshall's body, Doctor, you'll find it is a type that can only be used in liquid form.

CASEY
LOGAN: You weren't near that pitcher after I drank from it, Miss Ellis! You SOULDN'T have poured the stuff in—!!

MARTHA: I poured it in after everyone had left the room, Mr. Casey...from outside those barred windows.

LOGAN: That's impossible!— the pitcher was twelve feet away!

MARTHA: You lack a— "classical education", Lieutenant, or you wouldn't say that. As my friend, Mrs. Terrance has said— my education was one of the things that made me valuable to Finchley Marshall— a man I hated more than anyone else could hate him. (LOW, BITTER) I was his paid secretary...the rest of you could get away from him when you wished— you were free! Even YOU, Mrs. Marshall! I couldn't get away from him!— I had to sit beside him for days, ~~years~~ weeks, months, YEARS...enduring his pettiness, his meanness, his collossal selfishness!! Long ago, I started to carry a vial of poison in my pocket— poison I might never have used if he hadn't acted as he did tonight. But when he discharged me— threw me away as he'd throw an old shoe, I— it was my last chance. I took it...and I'm glad.

LOGAN: How did you throw the liquid poison through a window into that pitcher??

MARTHA: (WITH INCREASING LASSITUDE) The ancient Greeks played a game called "cottabus", Lieutenant...and I learned to play it.

LOGAN: Cottabus?

MARTHA: Fill that little whiskey glass with water and I'll show you how it's done?

LOGAN: Alright. (PAUSE) Here.

MARTHA: The ancient Greeks played the game with ~~wine~~ glasses filled with wine— as they sat at their feast tables. Far away on the long t tables, deep saucers were placed...and clever players threw their wine at the saucers so cleverly that not a drop spilled on the way— like THIS.

CASEY: Logan— the entire contents of her glass went inside that pitcher

MARTHA: Yes...the poisoned pitcher. (SINKING) You'll find a fast, painfu painful poison there when you analyse it, Doctor. For myself— I've used a slower one.

CASEY: For yourself??

MARTHA: Yes. And it isn't at all painful.

SOUND: SLIGHT BODY SLUMP

ANN: Miss Ellis—!!

LOGAN: Doctor—!!

DOCTOR: What have you taken, Miss Ellis...what was it??

MARTHA: (DYING) A poison, Doctor— that's like Finchley Marshall... there's no antidote for it— but death.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BAR-ROOM EFFECTS...PIANOS BEHIND

ETH: Gee, Casey— you and Miss Williams had QUITE a night last night after that Finchley Marshall openin'.

CASEY: Yeah.

ANN: And, Casey, as a detective, didn't do so well.

CASEY: I'm glad I ~~didn't~~ ~~Ann~~ doped it wrong, Ann...Ed Torrance is a swell guy.

ANN: And he's married to a pretty swell woman who has a pretty swell sister.

CASEY: Aces.

ETH: Do y' know what I think set you wrong on your detective stuff last night, Casey?

CASEY: What?

ETH: That monkey-suit y' had on.

CASEY: (DRYLY) I walked right into that one.

ANN: Dont kid Casey about his dinner clothes, Ethelbert, or I'll never get him into them the next time I want to go out.

ETH: (CHUCKLES) Okay, Miss Williams. And, anyway, Casey— as my sister, Edna, says— quote: "A filbert is still a filbert, no matter how y' try to disguise it."

CASEY: Filberts to you, Ethelbert?

ETH: (GENIALLY) Filberts to you, Casey. And how about a drink on the house?

—— END ——